

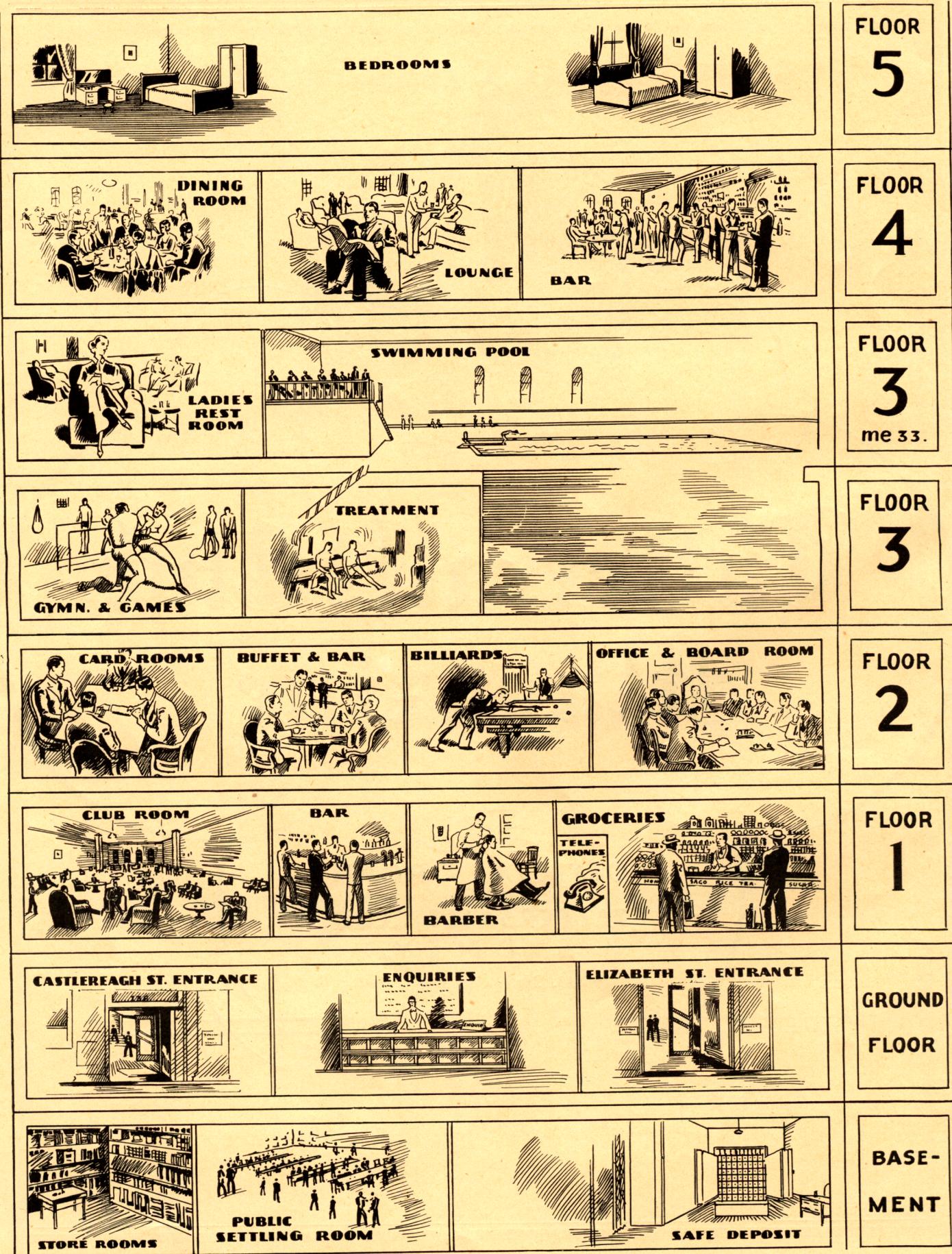


Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
**OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 15. No. 2. 1st April. 1942.





TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 15. No. 2

1st April, 1942



Chairman:

W. W. HILL

•

Treasurer:

S. E. CHATTERTON

•

Committee:

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A. G. COLLINS

DAVID A. CRAIG

JOHN HICKEY

A. J. MATTHEWS

JOHN H. O'DEA

JOHN A. ROLES

F. G. UNDERWOOD

•

Secretary:

T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

The Club's long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 23rd May, 1942. Principal Event: The James Barnes Plate, One Mile and Three Furlongs.

The Club Man's Diary

April Birthdays: 6th, Mr. R. W. Evans; 8th, Mr. C. Kinsela; 10th, Messrs. W. R. Dovey, K.C., and K. A. Bennett; 12th, Mr. C. L. Fader; 24th, Capt. H. R. McLeod; 30th Mr. P. T. Kavanagh.

* * *

In case you meet one of the American fighting forces, here's what he means when he says:

Dimbox, a taxicab; clothesline, one who tells neighbourhood secrets; let's blouse, let's go; crapehanger, reformer; finale-hopper, person who arrives after the bills are paid; alarm clock, a chaperon; static, conversation that means nothing; fire alarm, a divorced woman; tomato, good-looking girl with no brains; strike-breaker, young woman who goes about with her friend's young man while there is a coolness; boob-tickler, girl who has to entertain her father's friends while they are in town.

Mad money, car fare home if she has a fight with her escort; hush money, allowance from father; airedale, homely man; his blue serge, his girl; handcuff, engagement ring; an alibi, a box of flowers; dropping the pilot, getting a divorce.

And lots more!

* * *

What has happened in the scurry to obtain horses for transport in wartime was predicted by James McMahon many years ago. When people in the majority became motor-conscious, when limousines displaced carriages, and even the farm became motorised; when horses were relegated to the shafts of milk carts in outer-suburbia, and in the city the sole survivor (more or less) was the decrepit creature which drowsed in the cab that it was the custom of Harry Rickards to hire; when all these things happened, my friend Jimmy kept his faith in the horse. He was the front, the middle

and the tail of the annual Horse Day procession in Sydney. But his was a voice whinneying in the wilderness. Now, in the eventual scrap for petrol supplies—which Mr. McMahon foresaw—the horse will rank as a priceless asset.

What would we give now for those grand teams that were a familiar sight in Sydney in the past? Motor traction represented progress,



Mr. P. Nolan, who was entertained at the Club on Monday, 31st March, 1942, being presented by the Chairman, Mr. W. W. Hill, with a cheque for £291, to mark the occasion of his retirement from the ranks of the Randwick trainers. The cheque was the total of subscriptions from many friends.

and horse-haulage could not compete with it. What we neglected was to look far enough ahead to appreciate the need for horse-power in reserve

* * *

The other day there died an uncle of mine—last of the second generation—and he took with him unwritten memoirs that covered the period in Australian history from Federation onward. As a member of Federal Hansard staff in the first Parliament, controlled by the Ministry of the Talents, he was in the box seat to observe, as well as record—record for the feasts of the silverfish.

Previously a high-ranking journalist, he was well equipped to contribute a priceless volume to our history. All the Prime Ministers, the ministry and members of all parties, he knew familiarly up till about the late twenties, when he retired. Yet he didn't record an event thereafter. You may think that strange. I can understand, having passed through the servitude of reporting sessions of Parliament.

And if he had recorded it—what? How many would have paid a nominal price to be fed (or fed up) with the story of the infant Commonwealth? The majority would have dismissed it as dry reading. How many know the main dates in Australia's history? How many bother to inform themselves about their own country? They just live in it—and on it.

* * *

The coming of the Americans recalled to a veteran the arrival of the U.S. Fleet in 1908. He awarded first honors to the "Evening News" for its comment on a dull society garden party on that occasion:

In the great throng there was not a giggle or an 18-inch waist.

* * *

In club the other evening I was told the story of the Soudanese belle who was seized and carried off on her wedding eve by an Adonis of the neighbouring tribe. On the following night she was taken back again by her affianced lover; but, on the following night again, was kidnapped by the persistent neighbouring marauder. This went on—the raconteur vouched—for six months. Then the lady in the case approached the representative of the British Government, seeking an authoritative statement as to whose wife she really should be. "It is not that I wish to complain generally," she said, "but this constant night travelling is beginning not to agree with me."

As a war precaution, statuary groups on Queen Victoria Markets building will be taken down. A 25-ton piece, falling on your pet corn, wouldn't induce that saintly disposition. Queen Victoria Markets have an interesting history. They were originally constructed in 1831 at the cost of the State. In 1846 the old markets were handed over to the City Council on stringent terms as to the use to which they might be put. At that time the four markets, meat and poultry, retail fruit, wholesale fruit, and potatoes, were all separate, and it was not until 1859 that they were brought under the one roof at a cost of about £12,000. In 1891 the old police court in George and Druitt Streets was demolished, and the council acquired the whole of the block from Market Street to Druitt Street, paying £124,000 to the Government of the day. That purchase was probably one of the most expensive made by the City Council.

It was then decided that the fruit and vegetable markets should be transferred to Ultimo, and the present Queen Victoria Markets erected. The building was begun in 1893, and was completed by 1898 at a total cost of £265,000. It was not long before it was found that the building did not meet the requirements of tenants, and in 1917 £47,000 was spent in remodelling. In 1922 losses were such that it was decided to remodel the structure completely, and to add additional stories. Competitive designs were called for, and a design involving the expenditure of about £200,000 was decided upon. The City Railway at that time was being designed, and it was thought that a tunnel would pass under the markets. It was, therefore, decided that the new building should not be commenced.

* * *

Now that we had evidence that it hasn't forgotten how to rain, I am able to dismiss from everyday associations another dismal fellow—the drought crank. That makes two in recent times. The Pitt-street strategist was another.

I remember some years ago that a bespectacled professor, carrying a

large carpet bag and a forlorn frown, happened upon Sydney. He said something at the Science Congress (then sitting) about the dietary dislikes of spiders and the amorous proclivities of snakes, and finished up with a drought prophecy.

Before the professor could pack his carpet bag and arrange his spectacles, old Jupiter Pluvius had upset the whole heavenly caboose. It

The Man Who Left His Run Too Late

*This is the yarn, which I tell you straight,
Of the man who left his run too late.*

He was always going to do the deed
That sacred shines in the human creed;

He always planned to ease the pain
Of a pal in need; nor court the gain
That a gift might make to a down-and-out;

The tale of a waster gone to seed—
What did it matter—he needed a feed!

The kindly word, and the gentle act,
He promised all—but in deed he lacked.

And while he swore to do by stealth
Goodly things that mean more than wealth,

He still delayed as the years sped by
Till it came to the day that he must die.

There, as he lay in the fading light,
He pleaded a chance to put things right;

To give a sou and spend a dime—
E'en forfeit all—but Death called:
"Time!"

Was it mischance, or was it fate,
That the man had left his run too late?

Or was it, seeking the golden goal,
He'd gained so much—but lost his soul?

Whatever it was, take warning,
mate,
And never you leave your run too late.

rained and rained and rained until the prophet's specs became foggy and his boots blue-mouldy. He read his books over and over again, and couldn't cross over to the library to get others, because of the flooded streets.

His tobacco went musty, and his razor rusted. So he couldn't smoke or shave; and he eventually tired of swearing as the family parrot repeated in public every word he said in private. When he escaped ultimately (under an umbrella) he decided to deal only in optimistic prophecies in the future.

* * *

Recorded with regret the passing at Coolangatta (Q.) of John Paul Crowe, formerly mine host of Aarons Exchange Hotel, and a sportsman through and through. Jack Crowe was a townie of mine, native of Brisbane. As boys we played the Rugby game with the remarkable Carmichael family, the Ahearns (including "Terry"), and others who graduated from the cow-dungy paddocks on the south side of the Bridge to the interstate and international classics at the Exhibition grounds and the famous Gabba.

Coolangatta is spoken of by Queenslanders as a paradise. I pray devoutly that my pal, at 53, simply stepped across from that shimmering seaside beach into the Paradise eternal beyond.

* * *

That dear, loyal girl, Nell Hill (daughter of the Chairman) has sent the family a delightful surprise packet from overseas, where she is serving as an A.I.F. nurse. This surprise packet took the form of a cable to her father, in the brief (but, in all it conveyed, voluminous) terms: "Being married, March 3."

We wish her and the man of her heart the best in life. As the Fairy Princess sang in an operetta familiar in other years:

*May every blessing on this earth combine,
To make a good and happy life
of thine.
(Continued on Page 4.)*

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Mr. John Roles looked into the club on March 26 with the spruce appearance of having just stepped out of a bandbox—sartorially perfect, even to a red rose as the finishing touch to elegance. John disavowed a sally that he was seeking to out-Eden Anthony Eden. Getting down to prosy facts, it was simply his birthday.

We were not prepared to let it go at that, however. We determined to track down the inner cause of all the splendour.

"Well," he confessed, "I am meeting my wife for luncheon."

It was nice to be meeting the girl of his heart, and strolling down memory lane, after all the years of love abiding. John believed so—and we were with him in that thought.

* * *

Before he hied away to take over an Army post in Melbourne, Mr. W. T. Wood was entertained at luncheon in this club. It was a happy function, with friendship brimming over. According to the menu, an orchestra played "Trees" (very softly) by "Hide-in-Wood." How the guest of honour's classical temperament reacted to this corruption of a favourite composer's name was not recorded.

Mr. Wood has taken on an important job in national service—and we know that he is the man for the job.

* * *

Mr. William Cannon, of White Rock, Cairns (Q.) died on March 9. He was elected a member of this club in 1936. We extend our sincere sympathy to members of his family. He was a grand man, and had lived a full life. Very many

friends here and in the Northern State will keep him in fond memory.

* * *

THIS is a personal opinion written with the purpose of clarify-



High Caste, who is to be offered for sale as a sire. During his four seasons on the Turf, High Caste started in 71 races for 32 wins and three dead-beats for first. He was 18 times second, seven times third, and eleven times unplaced. His winnings amounted to £35,667/10/-.

ing a position that tends to become confused, quite unnecessarily, in some quarters:

Nobody you would be bothered about expects racing, or any other wholesome form of relaxation, to escape the toll of wartime control. But no good purpose is served by extreme measures. The time may come when complete closure may be imperative. When, we do not know. We do know that then all sportsmen may be relied upon to accept the decision with good grace.

At present, the suggestion is rather that the people's recreations should proceed within limits consis-

tent with considerations for national security. If courses are required for immediate military needs—meaning, all courses, not only race-courses—they should be surrendered or seized. No half measures. But the Government which should be the best judge, does not consider that time to be now. So, let us go ahead with our recreations, while not neglecting our obligation to contribute money and personal service to the national war effort.

* * *

The arrival in New Zealand of the young sire, Dink, half brother to Beau Pere, should simplify the quest for names by future owners intent on identifying the progeny by various conjunctions (and corruptions) of sire-dam titles. There are Dinkum and Dinky-di among the obvious—and, of course, there's sure to be a Lord Dink or a Sir Dink. The colloquialism, Dinky, meaning "pretty, neat, of engaging appearance" (according to the Concise Oxford Dictionary), might worthily decorate a filly. The syllabic possibilities of Dink need not be neglected, swung fore or aft. Nor the euphonious—such as Kink by Dink.

Anyhow (this wid a wink) what gink thought first of Dink?

* * *

Dr. Macdonald Kelly called to renew his membership subscription. He hazarded: "I believe I joined Tattersall's Club in 1894." Not quite. The year was 1896, he was told.

"At any rate," he ventured, "when one has been coming round the place for so long, one gets a feeling it may not be for much longer."

"Years don't matter," I put in. "We live by breath, not by length."

The veteran laughed, although such a sally, of course, had no place in medical science. Nothing has that we poor lay people understand.

A Dinner, A Lottery, An Actress

(By E. J. Gravestock)

An enterprising newspaper, some time ago, invited prominent social lights to submit a list of guests for an imaginary dinner party, the guests to be selected from the world's most famous people; the reason for the inclusion of each guest also to be given. Some very remarkable gatherings were nominated, but none so interesting, at least to a music-lover, as a dinner party which actually took place eighteen years ago in London, and at which I was a lucky guest. London in normal times is the Mecca of all great musical stars. No matter how great they may be in America, Germany, Italy, or other European countries, they have never really arrived at the top, unless they have received the approval of the press and public of London. In consequence half the world's greatest musical celebrities may be heard during the months of the concert season in London, but on Sunday, November 23rd, 1924, chance had brought to that wonderful city a dozen top-liners, and the famous English entrepreneurs, Lionel Powell and Harold Holt, who controlled practically all the great concert stars that visited England, seized the opportunity to give a small dinner party at the Royal Automobile Club, in Pall Mall, with these celebrities as guests. Refreshing my memory of those who were present by referring to the autographs on the menu card which I have kept as a souvenir, I see the names of Fritz Kriesler, the greatest violinist the world has ever known, and his wife, whose acquaintance I renewed after a break of thirteen years; during which period Fritz had managed to jump his fees up from £75 per concert I had paid him in England in 1911 to a fabulous figure. He told me at the dinner that he had just signed to come to Australia the following year for E. J. Carroll, and a syndicate which included John Wren, at a guaranteed fee of £550 per concert with a percentage of the receipts over a set figure. The next name was Amelita Galli-Curci, the famous coloratura soprano, who had toured Australia a few months earlier for the Tait's, when some of her

Sydney concerts grossed as much as £2,000. Her husband, Homer Samuels, who acted as her pianist, and their American manager, Lawrence Evans, were also present. Then came the names of Dame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford with whom I had toured Australia twice, and was to tour with again the next year. Adjoining their signatures was that of Wilhelm Backhaus, the famous German pianist, who came to Australia under my management in 1926 and again in 1930. That meeting was the forerunner of many happy months I spent with Backhaus and his wife in Australia and New Zealand. They were very charming people, and made a tremendous number of friends here. Backhaus had spent a great deal of his early life in England, and was as unlike the accepted type of present day Nazi as it is possible to be. It was with great surprise that I learnt that Hitler esteemed Backhaus above all other German musicians, and in the days prior to the present war, presented him with an aeroplane to travel around Europe. Another distinguished German artist present was Madame Frieda Hempel. Unlike the traditional German soprano, she was slim, fair, and glamorous. A similar type of singer to Galli-Curci, she had that afternoon given a concert at the Royal Albert Hall, which had attracted a £2,000 house. Her London popularity was partly due to the London musical critics who had "boosted" Hempel, and decried Galli-Curci. The latter artist had however achieved an extraordinary financial success. Her sensational gramophone recordings had aroused such interest that her Albert Hall concerts were sold out twelve months before she appeared.

Australia was represented by Florence Austral and her husband, John Amadio. Austral's success in opera at Covent Garden had brought her right into the limelight, and John Amadio was considered by some critics to be the best flautist ever heard in London. Another Australian singer present was Madame Evelyn Scotney, who toured here

with the American bass Howard White, some twenty years ago. This country also figured largely in the organisation of the dinner, as the manager of the Royal Automobile Club was Captain Herbert Ratcliffe, a native of Sydney. Ratcliffe was a personal friend of Lionel Powell, and his arrangements were worthy of the great occasion. With the development of motoring in England, and the broad policy adopted by the Committee during the first great world war, the Automobile Club had attained an enormous membership which was as diverse as it was large, this quality being hit off by a "Punch" cartoon which depicted the reading room of the club. A member rising from his club chair remarks: "Well, I suppose I had better be getting along. Haven't got the car, shall have to get a taxi." Another member sitting in an adjoining chair hops up, touches his cap and says, "I'm disengaged, sir!"

The dinner was quite a simple one, and here is the menu for gourmets to study. I remember Ratcliffe telling me that he had got the asparagus over from Paris that morning by aeroplane.

Caviar au Blinis

Tortue Verte au Vin de Jerez en Tasse

Timbale de Filets de Sole Ambassadrice.

Selle d'Agneau de Dorset Garnie de Primeurs Pommes en Surprise

Un Chaudfroid de Becasses Desir de Roi

Salade Ninette

Asperges de Paris au beurre fondu

Mousse Arlesienne sur Socle Corbeilles de Gourmandises

Cafe

WINES:

Bristol Cream

Moet and Chandon
Dry Imperial 1911

Fine Champagne
Courvoisier 1865

(Continued on Page 11.)

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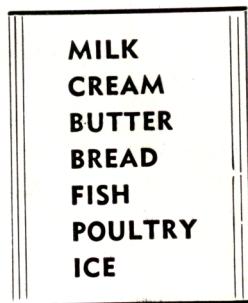
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BILLIARDS

Of interest to billiard players generally was the recent visit by Queen Mary to a West of England Woollen mills where she saw a bale of Australian wool opened and go through its various stages until, at the end, a billiard cloth was produced. There are many reasons why West of England cloth has maintained its place at the head of the field and Queen Mary was let into the secrets.

The peculiarities of the local water, for instance, was stressed and explained as also that the skill and craftsmanship has been handed down from father to son since the settlement of Flemish weavers in the days of Edward III. Queen Mary was shown a sample of the cloth (retained by the firm for reference) presented to the late King George V and his Royal Bride—then the Duke and Duchess of York—by the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII.

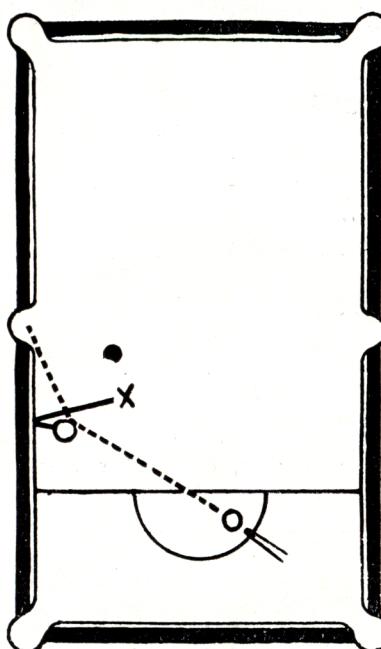
Joe Davis' Accident.

World's snooker champion, Joe Davis, has had the misfortune to fracture a wrist which is just about as serious to a billiards player as the losing of fingers to a violinist. Fortunately, the accident has not proved so severe as anticipated and Joe has no qualms about getting back to his old form. During his temporary absence from the green cloth, however, Joe made it his business to peruse the rules of the game and admits he learned quite a lot. He learned for the first time, for instance, that provision is made for a player to elect a deputy in his stead if he be called away from the room during progress of a game. His de-

puty cannot play his "stick" but he has power to claim a foul made by the opponent. How many knew that one?

Queries Answered.

During the month a member put two queries forward. They are set out herewith together with the official ruling:—



The short-jenny is an attractive shot and used by good players to secure ideal position. In the diagram both object balls are immediately brought into play and a big break should follow. Method is to strike the cue-ball below centre and make half-ball contact with just sufficient strength to make first object-ball travel along line to spot marked with an X.

(a) A player (at snooker) wants the pink to win. The ball is in the jaws of the pocket, the black about two inches away, and his opponent has missed the pink and given him a free ball. The striker nominates the black and playing on to it, knocks the pink in. Is this a legitimate shot?

(b) Player has made a foul stroke on the green and his opponent claims a free ball on the black. He pots black but the cue-ball comes down the table and knocks in the green. Is this a foul stroke?

Ruling: Rule 11 covers both cases. It says: "If, as a result of playing on the nominated ball, the ball ON be pocketed, it shall be scored, and the player continue his break." Should both the nominated ball and the ball ON be pocketed in the same stroke, only the ball ON shall be scored, and the player continue his break. The nominated ball only shall be resotted.

The second query opened up that always very debatable point about giving misses:

All the reds and the yellow have been potted and next ON ball is the green; but the striker played away and conceded four points rather than take the risk of hitting green which was touching pink and on the brink of a pocket-jaw. Was he entitled to give such deliberate miss?

Ruling: NO. The player who deliberately played away from the ON ball (green), making an intentional miss, was guilty of conduct wilfully unfair, and for such conduct the referee, or marker, is empowered under Rule 16, to disqualify him, and award the game to his opponent, the offender forfeiting all points he may have scored, or the value of the balls remaining on the table (with each red counting eight) whichever is the higher.

(Continued on Page 15.)



TATTERSALL'S CLUB
157 ELIZABETH STREET,
SYDNEY.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Members will be held in the Club Room on Wednesday, 13th May, 1942, at 8 o'clock p.m.

BUSINESS :

- (a) **To confirm Minutes of Annual General Meeting of Members held on the 7th May, 1941.**
- (b) **To adopt the Annual Report, Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet and accompanying Statements for the year ended 28th February, 1942.**
- (c) **To elect a Chairman.**
Mr. W. W. Hill retires in accordance with the rules, and, being eligible, offers himself for re-election.
- (d) **To elect a Treasurer.**
Mr. S. E. Chatterton retires in accordance with the Rules, and, being eligible, offers himself for re-election.
- (e) **To elect Four Members to Serve on the Committee for Two Years.**
Messrs. G. Chiene, D. A. Craig, A. J. Matthews and J. A. Roles are the retiring Members of the Committee, all of whom are eligible for re-election and offer themselves accordingly.
- (f) **To elect an Auditor or Auditors.**
Messrs. Horley & Horley and Starkey & Starkey retire, and offer themselves for re-election.
- (g) **To transact any other business that may be brought before the Meeting in accordance with the Rules of the Club.**

N.B.—Nominations for the office of Chairman, Treasurer, or Member of Committee, signed by two Members, and with the written consent of the Nominee endorsed thereon, must be handed to the Secretary twenty-one days at least previous to the Annual General Meeting.

Nominations for Auditors must be lodged not later than 12 noon,
4th May, 1942

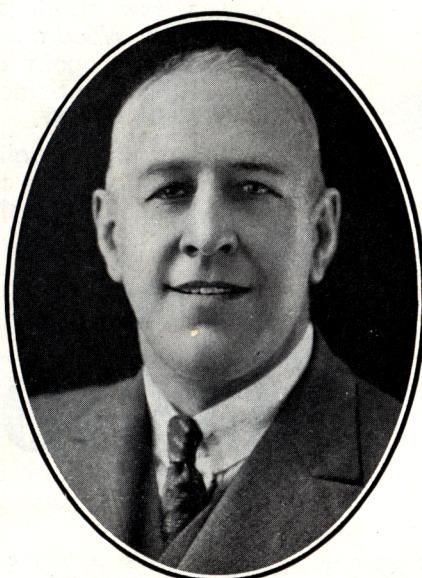
30th March, 1942.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

RETIRING OFFICE BEARERS



MR. J. A. ROLES,
Committeeman.



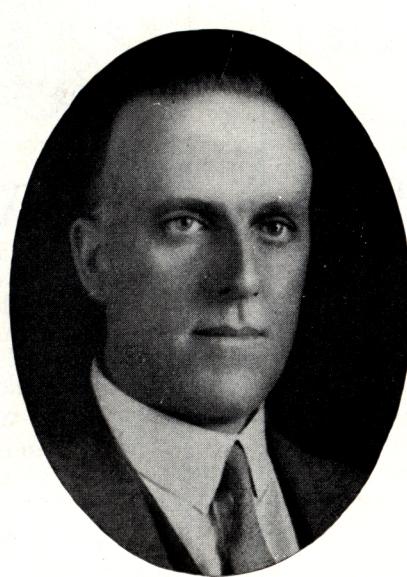
MR. W. W. HILL,
Chairman.



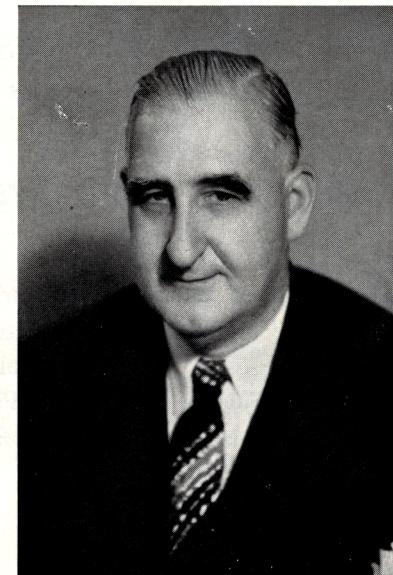
MR. G. CHIENE,
Committeeman.



MR. A. J. MATTHEWS,
Committeeman.



MR. S. E. CHATTERTON,
Treasurer.



MR. D. A. CRAIG,
Committeeman.

All the retiring Office Bearers are eligible and offer themselves for re-election at the Annual General Meeting of Members, to be held at 8 p.m. on 13th May, 1942.



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A Dinner, A Lottery, An Actress

(Continued from Page 5.)

Gazing around at the galaxy of talent, I recalled to memory a story told of the late Hugh D. McIntosh. The irrepressible Hugh at the time was Governing Director of the Tivoli Theatres, and was in London buying plays and artists for Australia. He had been invited to a very swell dinner, at which there were a number of famous people including Dukes, Earls and Viscounts. With his mind on his job, Hugh startled his neighbour with the remark, "I wonder what this bloody bunch would want to come to Australia?" In a similar manner I cogitated on the potential values of the musical celebrities with whom I was sitting, so far as this country was concerned. Since that time most of them have been and gone and a rough estimate of the gross takings of their combined tours would amount to nearly £250,000, which is "mighty pretty money." The only way most of us could get money as quickly as an international musical celebrity is by winning a lottery, which leads me into the second part of my story.

There is an extraordinary story told in the entertaining book "The Autobiography of a Rascal" of the establishment of a lottery in a South Sea Island about thirty years ago, as a result of a conflict between a missionary who controlled the island, and the rascal who was desirous of exploiting the island for his own ends.

The island was not under any foreign government, it had a native King, who had come under the domination of the missionary, with the result that the missionary ran the island on his own lines with a religious fervour almost beyond reason. If the natives missed going to church they were fined, if they sang or played any musical instrument they were fined. No sports or games were allowed. There was a curfew at 10 p.m., and if you walked out with a woman after dusk you had to carry a hurricane lamp, an ordinary lamp would not do. A

hurricane lamp prevented the excuse that the wind had blown the lamp out. Liquor could not be made, imported, or consumed on the island, and all breaches of these laws carried heavy penalties. Up to a point the King was satisfied. The Royal coffers received the fines, but His Majesty liked his "drop of likker," and chafed under the restrictions. He was therefore in a receptive mood when the rascal, whose nom-de-plume is Smith, ran a trading schooner to the Island, and unknown to the missionary, supplied the King with rum. Any schooner to visit the island had to pass the scrutiny of the missionary, before it was allowed to trade with the natives. Smith was however, forewarned, and played his cards well. Winning the missionary over to his side, he set up a store on the island, but under the lap he was supplying the King with rum, and eventually with the King's help staged a revolution which overthrew the domination of the missionary, and Smith became the King's adviser and general factotum. All the missionary's rules were cancelled, and the island went on a glorious "binge." Smith opened up a bar, and the natives did all the things that they had been forbidden to do, and a general holiday was declared, with Smith doing a roaring trade. He had however, not calculated that with the relaxation of the laws, no fines were forthcoming, and the Royal coffers were soon emptied in the purchasing of rum and other goods from Smith. In addition with the stoppage of work the natives had no copra to trade for rum, gay clothes or beads, which was Smith's stock-in-trade. The rascal however solved the problem by promoting a lottery, the King and Smith split the commission. It became a royal decree that natives had to buy tickets in the lottery. To get the wherewithal they had to go to work and produce copra which Smith purchased from them. The

scheme flourished exceedingly. Smith started a native theatre, and made general improvements for the brightening of the lives of the natives, which usually meant more profit for the King and Smith. It is true that some discontented ticket-holders grumbled at the frequency with which Smith's friends gained the major prizes, but the rascal high-handedly brushed away their protests. The reign of pleasure and profit came to an end with the death of the King. His son who had no time for Smith, or his lottery, or his get-rich-quick ideas, succeeded his father. His first act was to tell Smith to get off the island pronto, and in order to hurry things along, burnt down his saloon and his dwelling place. Smith gathered together a small party of faithful natives and tried to fight it out, but the new King was too strong. Realising he was beaten the rascal gathered his treasure in trunks and tried to reach his schooner in the dark, but was intercepted. Forced to leave his loot, he scrambled aboard practically penniless, and poorer than when he had first visited the island.

In his book the rascal tells of landing in Sydney from South Africa with £500 after the Boer war, with plans to go to Tahiti. The £500 was filched out of Army pay, the rascal finding it an easy matter, under the slack conditions which existed during the Boer War, as Army Paymaster, to collect pay for a number of soldiers who had fallen in the fight. His subordinate officer, who was an Australian, however, was aware of his thefts, although he did not share in the proceeds. When Smith and the regiment were demobilised, he decided to go to the Islands via Sydney, but he was preceded by the Australian who with the aid of an accomplice worked a neat confidence trick, cleaning him of his ill-gotten gains immediately he arrived in Sydney. Without any means of getting to Tahiti, the rascal became desperate and waylaid a titled member of a Sydney club, who had decided to walk to his home at Potts Point through the Domain. As he was counting the few shillings which was all he could find on the prostrate body of the Knight, the rascal himself

(Continued on Page 15.)

YOU CAN SLEEP

(Condensed from "The Baltimore Sunday Sun.")

(J. P. McEvoy)

Do you lie awake at night, tossing and turning, hearing the clock strike two, three, four, before you finally drop off into exhausted slumber? I used to do that. But now I've learned the secret of quick, restful sleep. This is it: You *can sleep*—if you want to. It's as simple as that.

You lie awake because you *want* to lie awake. Don't tell me, "I go to bed and try to sleep but I just can't." Be honest with yourself. Do you really *try* to go to sleep? When worries crowd into your mind do you dismiss them—or dwell upon them? Do you think, "Gosh, that was a boner I made to-day. . . . I must remember to do such-and-such . . . Maybe I'd better make a note of it. . . ." Honest now: are you wanting to go to sleep? Or are you wanting to stay awake and think?

To-night try this experiment. Imagine you are taking down your thoughts in a notebook and that you must put them down carefully just as they come along. Start out by trying to think of nothing but sleep and going to sleep. Then note how many other thoughts keep interfering, and how only by definite effort you can bring back the thought of sleep—that you want to sleep. You will be surprised to discover the tricks your mind will play to keep you thinking about your worries, how it will dodge and twist to throw off the notion of sleep.

Note one other thing—the most important thing. Whenever you are thinking about your troubles you are not thinking about sleeping. Whenever you are thinking about sleeping you are not thinking about your troubles. You cannot think of two different things at the same time. Thus, by concentrating on the mere thought of sleep, you can drive your

worries from your mind. But you must first *want* to sleep.

"But that isn't easy," you say. Worries pop into my mind and then I can't get rid of them. If you had my troubles . . ."

If I had your troubles and were as proud of them as you are—if I took them to bed with me as a child takes her dolls and hugged them to me and wouldn't let them go—they'd keep me awake, too. In fact, I used to do that very thing. I was writing and producing musical shows on Broadway, and anybody in that business will tell you there are tons of worries in it. They kept me awake night after night. And then I discovered that when I thought only of going to sleep I felt sleepy.

I used also a second and equally important technique. This is very simple, too, though it took me a long while to become proficient at it. It is the technique of relaxing progressively. My psychologist friend Lucius Humphrey told me—and I can tell you—all you need to know about it in a couple of minutes. The rest is practice. Don't try it a few times and then give it up. With diligent practice you will become able to put yourself to sleep within five minutes whenever you wish.

To-night when you go to bed make yourself as comfortable as you can. Take any position you like—the one in which you feel most completely relaxed. Close your eyes.

Now you are ready to start concentrating on the one thought of relaxation, progressing from one part of your anatomy to another. Think first of the muscles of your scalp, the top of your head, relax those muscles. Now concentrate on the muscles of your forehead. Feel the muscles sag. Now your eyelids. Re-

lax them. They are so heavy you can't lift them. Now the muscles of your face. Let the muscles go. Your jaws—let them sag. Note especially your neck. Move your head around until your neck is so relaxed your head feels like a dead weight. Drop it—let it roll until it comes to a stop of itself. Go right down your back. Feel the muscles let go.

Let your mind follow down each arm, relaxing the shoulders, the elbows, wrists, each finger. Now consider the muscles of your chest. Relax them. Then your stomach. Let everything sag. Heavy. Heavy. Have you ever seen a window washer go down a large plate of glass with a squeegee? Visualise just such a squeegee going down your body, slowly, relaxing all the muscles as it goes.

Feel the heaviness of your hips, pushing against the bed. Now relax the muscles of each thigh, foot, toe. Slowly. Slowly . . . You're asleep!

Maybe not the first time you do it. But if you are awake you won't be wide awake. And one more round trip from head to toe should put you under. Later, when you have practised this technique faithfully night after night, you will never finish the whole route—you will be asleep long before that. Confidentially, I haven't got past my arms for years.

Don't give any thought to whether you forgot some part of the body. The magic lies not in any special order but in the fact that while you are consciously thinking of relaxing each part of your body you are not thinking about your troubles.

I was once as proud an insomniac as you would ever meet. Now I can put myself to sleep in a couple of minutes. You can do it, too, if you really want to.

"Three Miles a Minute—Down!"

(Adapted from an Associated Press dispatch and "The New York Times.")

One cloudy day in October a daring parachutist, Arthur Starnes, bailed out of a transport plane six miles up in the Chicago sky, dropped like a rock for five and a half miles, pulled his ripcords and floated to the ground. Starnes set up a new world's record for the longest free fall ever survived by man. But more than that, his brief, clear-headed remarks gave literature its first account of how it feels to fall for miles through space.

Shortly after noon, Starnes boarded a Lockheed Lodestar, one of the few commercial planes capable of flying above 25,000 feet. For an hour and 50 minutes the silvery monoplane spiraled into the sky—climbing, climbing. At 30,000 feet the plane levelled off. Starnes stepped to the door.

As the purpose of the jump was to provide data for the Army Air Corps, Starnes was burdened with 85 pounds of equipment. He wore a chute on his back, another on his chest. His coverall suit was electrically heated, with batteries in the hip pocket. There were headphones in his chamois helmet. His oxygen bottle was in a pocket on his right foreleg. A tiny radio transmitter strapped around his waist broadcast

his heartbeats. On his chest, protected by an aluminium plate, were a cardiograph to register heart action, a pneumograph to record breathing, and a barograph to record air-pressure changes. An automatic motion-picture camera was strapped to his right hip, pointed downward.

At 30,000 feet the plane was barely distinguishable to watchers on the ground. Flying fast, it crossed the airport. Soon afterwards listeners on a portable ground radio station heard a muffled "All clear" from Starnes' midget transmitter—the signal agreed upon that he had jumped out into the 46-below-zero cold.

"I had only two moments of fear," Starnes panted to the crowd in the cow pasture where he landed four and a quarter minutes later.

"The first was as I stood in the open door of the plane, trying to get enough oxygen inside my helmet and wondering if my equipment would clear the door frame. But the second, more frantic sensation was when my goggles frosted up in a cloud bank at 23,000 feet and my body went into a series of violent spins and somersaults.

"I threw my legs far apart and then crossed them alternately. That

usually pulls me out of a body spin. But it had no effect this time. My head was clear, and I began counting to myself. I knew I was falling about 250 feet a second. When almost half a minute had elapsed, I felt I must raise my goggles and look at my altimeter."

The instrument was strapped to his wrist. He raised it to his cheek, lifted one lens in his helmet to see the long, slender needle. It pointed to 15,000 feet. After counting four or five he glanced at it again, pushing the goggles up so that he could see with both eyes. At about 5,000 feet the frost evaporated, leaving the goggles clear.

"I knew the worst was over then," he said.

He finally righted his body by holding his right arm out sideways, like a railroad signal. At 1,500 feet he opened his back chute, and "blacked out" momentarily from the jolt. He now became visible for the first time to spectators on the ground. Three seconds later they saw his chest chute open. He alighted. By the time attendants reached him he was on his feet, helmet removed, grinning.

A stop watch attached to the parachute lines showed the free fall lasted one minute, 56 seconds. Starnes' top speed probably reached 180 m.p.h. A gloomy statistician calculated that if Starnes had not opened his chute at 1,500 feet, he would have struck the earth in six more seconds.



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A Dinner, A Lottery, An Actress

(Continued from Page 11.)

was sandbagged, and awoke in a hospital with a detective waiting to question him. His quick wits saved him. He invented the story that he went to the rescue of the Knight, but was overpowered and robbed. The police had a shrewd idea of the true story, but being unable to prove anything were compelled to accept his version. The Knight had asked the police to send his benefactor to him, in order that he could thank him. The rascal told his lordship that he had been robbed of £5 in the struggle. The grateful Knight insisted on making good this loss, also adding £50 as a token of his appreciation. With this money Smith was able to get away to the Islands, where he embarked on his extraordinary adventures. "The Autobiography of a Rascal" is generally accepted as authentic, but in any case it is jolly good reading.

I am quite ready to believe that the events related in the book are true, as I subscribe to the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. Jumping from the extraordinary to the humorous, the third part of my story is about the charming Australian actress, Dorothy Brunton. Many will remember the charming Dorothy who was the darling of the soldiers at His Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, early in the 1914-18 war. There was no thought of "black-out" in Sydney, as the units from Liverpool Camp marched down Pitt Street almost nightly from Central Station headed

by a military band, to the Theatre for a party night, to see "So Long Letty," "Canary Cottage," and other shows which were the vogue then. One of Dorothy's big song hits was the recruiting song, "We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go." I thought these words were appropriate to send as a farewell message with some flowers when Dorothy left a little later to try her luck in England, and of which she reminded me some years afterwards in New York. The occasion was a farewell party given to my wife and myself on the eve of our departure for Sydney, by Judith Anderson, the Australian actress who was starring in a New York show at the time. She gathered up as many mutual Australian friends as she could find for supper after the show. They included Dorothy, Gladys Moncrieff and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Harald Bowden. Harald is now General Manager for J.C.W., and was the firm's New York representative at the time. After the party we drove Dorothy home to her hotel, and she was at the top of her form, giving us messages for mutual friends, at the same time imitating their characteristics. As we continued our homeward way, having dropped Dorothy safely at her hotel, our taxi driver remarked: "Waal I guess that's a bright young lady, she ought to be on the stage, she ought." It was much too late, and we were much too tired to tell him how right he was.

Billiards

(Continued from Page 7.)

It must be chronicled that the foregoing questions were not put forward as the result of any large sized argument. The position was that a group of enthusiasts were debating the points enumerated and a decision was made to secure the official verdict. In the main, members are more concerned about relaxation rather than who wins, or, technical points.

Popular belief is that billiards and snooker are fast reaching the state of importance in our recreations that existed a few years back. Many military camps have two, three or more tables erected and are providing excellent foundation for increasing numbers of players. Les Manglesdorf, current State amateur snooker champion, writes that players abound in his area, while Geoff Gall, an ex-State title holder, now with the R.A.A.F., advises that the airmen possess several players right up to standard who rue the fact that championships have been, for the time being, eradicated from the scheme of things. Everything points to more and more billiards and snooker being played. And why not? No game affords more pleasure when surroundings, such as those obtaining in our club, are so congenial.

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The Seven Points of Departure

(William F. H. Godson, Jr., in *The Atlantic Monthly*)

Every time you pay a call, there is a departure to be made. Many other occasions also require departures. In addition to calls, there are many times when people are together and must eventually separate. Who shall make the first move? This is sometimes a hard question, and we shall not attempt to answer it here. Let us beg it by assuming that you are to make the move. Our immediate problem, then, is to determine how to do it.

All of us can call to mind guests who would not (possibly could not) take their leave. We may have lost patience with them. Would it not be fairer, however, to admit that the situation is a difficult one calling for special treatment? Approaching the matter in this frame of mind, I have given it much thought, and I now submit what I believe to be a complete solution. It is a solution, I may add, that has stood the test of actual practice. I shall present it analytically as "the seven points of departure."

One—stand up. Two—hold out your hand. Three—say good-bye. Four—go to the door. Five—open the door. Six—Walk out. Seven—walk away. That is all there is to it. It sounds too simple to be true, and that, I admit, is the one weakness of my solution. The neophyte, therefore, must be warned to keep his wits about him, for experience has shown that every stage of this ritual is attended by unsuspected dangers. These will have to be mentioned briefly.

One—stand up. It is not always easy to stand up. As in the case of a plunge into cold water, there is a mental hazard to be overcome. It is easier, of course, to squirm in your seat, to say "Er . . . eh," to look towards the door, to wish that the rug under your feet were the Wishing Rug—to do anything, in short, but rise. To effect the necessary first move, an act of will is called for. Remember that you wish to leave, and that it is difficult to do so without rising. Not impossible, of course.

You could fall in a faint and be carried out. This manoeuvre, however, is a delicate one, not to be recommended except in great emergencies. Upon ordinary occasions a departure cannot be successfully engineered without rising. So face the inevitable and stand up. The beginner may hearten himself with the knowledge that rising in company becomes increasingly easy with practice.

Two—hold out your hand. Here again there is a mental hazard. Will it help to put your hands in your pocket? Need you wait for the end of the current anecdote? Should you accompany the offer of your hand with some banality such as "I must be running along"? No, all this is quite superfluous. Just hold out your hand. Most well-bred persons will understand the signal. But what if your hand is ignored? After all, one should be prepared for everything. Suppose your hostess is blind, distract, occupied, rude. Does the rule fit such a situation? Of course it does. You will observe that nothing was said about shaking hands. It is true that this usually occurs; so much the better. If not, your hand will soon get heavy—drop it. This completes the gesture, and you are ready to advance to the next point.

Three—say good-bye. Why say good-bye? People have often asked me this question, and I shall be frank about it. It is not strictly necessary from the utilitarian point of view. But it will save you from being considered queer. Since I devised my system, many of my acquaintances have tried to detain me. None has succeeded. This has occasioned much wonder among them, and yet I dare say that not one has suspected me of having a system. For this desirable state of affairs I give entire credit to the use of the word "Good-bye." I therefore recommend it.

Four—go to the door. If you think it is easy to go to the door, you have never seen a genuine victim of inertia in action. Such a one can spend hours between rising and leaving; he

may even sit down again. So do not under-estimate the difficulties at this point. Do not forget that in order to get to the door you will have to move your feet. Very well—move them.

Five—open the door. At this point you will get a real thrill of achievement. Like the first streak of daylight which brings hope to the victims trapped in a coal mine, the sight of the door will cheer you with its promise of ultimate escape. Often, of course, someone will take his stand between you and the exit. Go around him. Or, again, someone may reach the door ahead of you, only to possess the knob without turning it. This is not unusual, and you must be prepared to take whatever measures may be required to deal with this situation. Do not hesitate to strike down the offender in cold blood if need be. If the obstructionist is a woman, and you have scruples against hitting a woman, a playful push may do the trick. Choose a method to fit the circumstances, and—open the door.

Six—walk out. The principle that applies here is precisely the same as that which I laid down under rule four. Think of the many groups you have seen leaning against open doors in different stages of exhaustion and boredom. For shame, do not lend yourself to such a scene. If you lose your courage at this point, your hostess will be sure to say sweetly, "Do come in and sit down again." This is a sure sign, which, like a football signal, means one thing, and one only. It means, "Walk out!"

Seven—walk away. And to carry off smoothly this final part of the programme, you must not leave anything behind—nor must your wife. But if you do leave something, let it go for ever. What is a mere cigarette case, or diamond necklace? *Leave it!* I cannot say too emphatically—and I do so without fear of contradiction—that the most important part of my whole system is to walk away.

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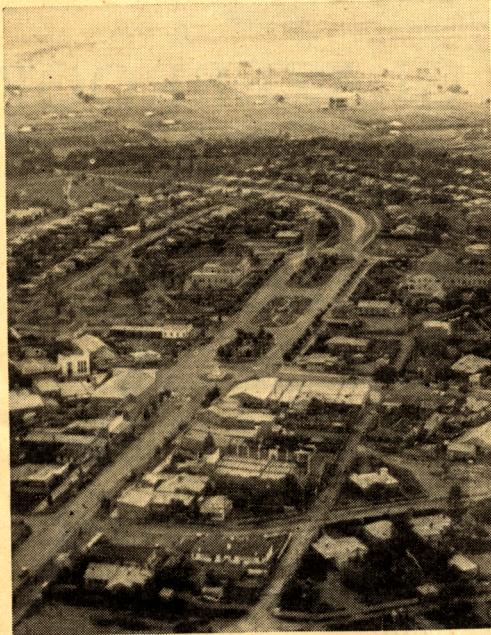
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LEETON, in the Yanco Irrigation Area, part of the great Murrumbidgee Scheme, was planned by that famous designer of Canberra and Griffith, the late Walter Burley-Griffin, who named this delightful modern town after Mr. C. A. Lee, Minister for Works, who did so much valuable and courageous work in sponsoring the establishment of the Irrigation Areas.

Leeton, now set in almost idyllic surroundings, created by man's endeavours, has a pleasant climate with a maximum temperature of 86.7 and minimum of 61.2.

To our brave explorers, the plains north of the Murrumbidgee River were but a lonely desolation, and in 1817 Oxley, who then traversed the district, expressed the opinion that there was little probability of the desolate plains ever again being visited by civilised man. Oxley's description was vivid. He said: "They are deserts abandoned by every living thing capable of getting out of them; it is impossible to imagine a worse country."

So was this potentially rich district regarded as a desert by the vast majority of people.

Except for a few isolated holdings taken up in the 1850's the countryside remained very much as it was in the year 1817.

But to a few men of vision came the idea—"irrigation," but they were literally "voices crying in the wilderness" until 1884, when a Royal Commission was appointed on 10th May, under Sir William Lyne and H. G. McKinney, then Chief Engineer for Water Conservation, to inquire into the question.

Advice was asked from all over the world and incontrovertible evidence thus obtained as to practical results of water conservation. The recommendation of the Royal Commission, voiced by Sir William Lyne, contained an eloquent appeal for the urgent attention of the Government to the problem of irrigation in the Riverina.

Despite the very evident need of water

conservation, very little was done until 1887, when Colonel F. J. Holme, Chief Engineer for Irrigation, of Punjab, India, was asked to advise the Government of N.S.W.

From his report emanated the idea which was the genesis of the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Scheme—the storage reservoir on the Murrumbidgee River, then known as "Barren Jack," and now so widely recognised as "Burrinjuck."

Despite Governmental inactivity, men of vision continued to plan for irrigation. One of the greatest of these was Sir Samuel McCaughey, an early and persistent advocate of irrigation for pastoral as well as agricultural uses.

In 1899 he bought North Yanco, and from a dam and pumping station, constructed many miles of channel to irrigate 40,000 acres, on part of which he grew lucerne and other fodder crops, running stock on the remainder.

With Federation achieved, Australia looked eagerly into the future.

Then came drought to the young Commonwealth, but from the attendant misery and ruination was born some good, for in 1902 a Water and Drainage Bill came into force providing for the expenditure of £200,000 a year on Water Conservation Schemes.

Lands in the Murrumbidgee Valley were examined by L. A. B. Wade, who reported to the Minister for Works, the Hon. C. A. Lee, that the most suitable lands were on the northern side of the river, below the town of Narrandera.

After much preliminary work, the Public Works Committee on 31/10/1906 presented its report recommending the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Scheme, and on 19th December, 1906, the Burrinjuck Dam and Murrumbidgee Canals Construction Act was assented to, and this at last auth-

orised our first great irrigation scheme.

In 1911 the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Act established a trust to control the scheme, and in the same year the Leeton Public School was established.

On 1st July, 1912 the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Areas were officially opened and the ceremony of turning water through the regulator of the Main Canal performed by the Hon. A. Griffith, Chairman of the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Trust.

The first blocks of land in Leeton township were offered at auction on 2nd April, 1913, and in the same year Sir Rider Haggard opened the Butter Factory.

The Narrandera-Hay railway line, opened in 1883, passed but a short distance south of Leeton; the line through Leeton connecting with Griffith was constructed in 1922. The first Canning Factory was completed during August, 1914, since disposed of to a Co-operative Company of settlers.

The year 1919 saw a commencement with the work of construction and development of farms for returned soldiers, and the drift from dairying to citrus fruit and orchard cultivation, sheep farming and fat lamb raising became more apparent.

Then in 1922 a new era dawned in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area, when the idea of growing rice gradually became more and more less than a vision, so that in 1923 a few bags of rice seed were imported from California, and through experimental plantings, despite unfavourable weather conditions, it was found that rice could be grown in the Leeton area.

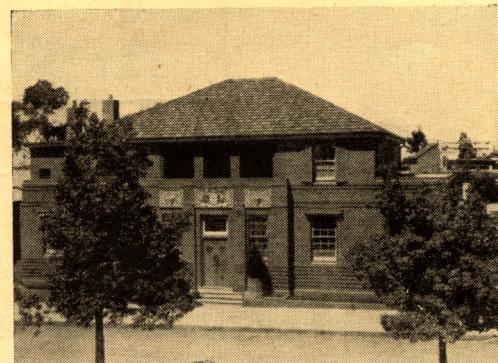
The rice industry, thus courageously commenced, flourished and expanded so that in 1926 the growers formed a Co-operative Society to market their crops, until 1929, when the Rice Marketing Board became an actual fact.

The growth of the industry is well illustrated by the fact that no fewer than 24,566 tons of rice were produced in 1940-41 in the Irrigation Areas, and not only in rice growing does the area excel, for in the same period the district produced the stupendous total of 374,905 bushels of citrus fruit, whilst 198,098 lbs. of butter can be credited to this fertile area.

Many thousands of sheep, cattle and dairy cows; thousands of acres under wheat, oats and lucerne; cultivation of grapes—these are facts which place Leeton in the forefront of the agricultural and pastoral life of the State.

This surely justifies the faith of those who toiled unceasingly in the belief that the "arid waste" would prove in very fact "a land of milk and honey."

And so the Leeton of to-day with its large cannery and fruit packing houses, Experiment Farm, cool stores, fine accommodation house, the Hydro, offices of the Commission, modern schools and homes is, after a mere twenty-eight years of existence, a monument to the pioneers of irrigation, and a fundamental part of Australia's internal strength, for in irrigation lies the agricultural safety of our land.



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